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Glapthorne ~ The Tragedy of Albertus Wallen-
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THE TRAGEDY OF

ALBERTUS WALLENSTEIN,

DUKE OF FRIEDLAND.

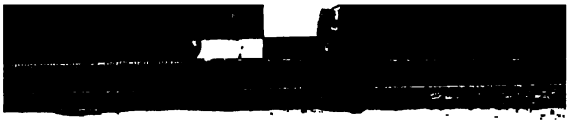
WRITTEN BY

HENRY GLAPTHORNE.

1639.

"One of the chiefest dramatic poets of that age."

"We frequently meet with passages of exceeding beauty, particularly in Albertus Wallenstein."



THE TRAGEDY

OF

ALBERTUS WALLENSTEIN,

LATE DUKE OF FRIEDLAND, AND GENERAL TO THE EMPEROR FERDINAND THE SECOND.

WRITTEN BY HENRY GLAPTHORNE.

Cedant carminibus reges regumque triumphi.

THE SCENE—EGERS.

AND ACTED, WITH GOOD ALLOWANCE, AT THE GLOBE ON THE BANK-SIDE, BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

IMPRINTED, AT LONDON, BY THOMAS PAINE, FOR GEORGE HUBBARD, AT THE TURNSTILE, IN HOLBORN.

1639.

144 $5,8
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1873, Oct. 10.
Gift of
Charles E. Norton,
of Cambridge.
(H. U. 1846.)

HENRY GLAPTHORNE.

THE biography of this author is unknown, and his productions almost forgotten. He wrote in the reign of Charles I., and is mentioned by Winstanley as "one of the chiefest dramatic poets of that age." His plays were certainly received with approbation, in his own time, and deservedly so; but their merit is rather of a poetical, than a dramatic kind. They are not only ill calculated for representation, from the declamatory and undramatic nature of the dialogue, but are deficient in intensity and passion. The author only sports on the surface of the heart; he never penetrates into the sanctuary. Indeed, he is so intent on producing poetry, that he seldom even attempts to excite our sympathies: but, in taking this course, he probably consulted his own powers, and so far acted wisely. For pathos, therefore, he has substituted a highly ornamented style of poetry, and the earnestness of the author for the passion of the interlocutors. Amidst a great deal of redundant imagery, however, we frequently meet with passages of exceeding beauty, particularly in *Albertus Wallenstein* and *The Lady's Privilege*. Of the nine plays

written by Glapthorne, five have been printed; and of these, only two are considered worthy of forming part of this collection.

LIST OF GLAPTHORNE'S PLAYS:—

1. Albertus Wallenstein. *Tragedy.* 1639—1640.
2. The Hollander, written in 1635, printed 1640.
3. Argalus and Parthenia. *Trag. Com.* 1639.
4. Wit in a Constable. 1640.
5. The Lady's Privilege. 1640.
6. The Parricide, or Revenge for Honor. Not printed.
7. The Vestal. *Trag.* Not printed.
8. The Noble Trial. *Trag.* Not printed.
9. The Dutchess of Fernandina. *Trag.* Not printed.

He was, besides, the author of a volume of poems, published 1639.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

FERDINAND II., *Emperor of Germany.*
FERDINAND, *his Son, King of Hungary.*
ALBERTUS WALLENSTEIN, *Duke of Friedland.*
MARQUESS BRANDENBURG.
DUKE SAXON-WEIMAR.
EARL OF TERTZKI.
EARL OF KINTZKI.
EARL OF QUESTENBERG.
MATHIAS GALLAS.
COLONEL NEWMAN.
MARSHAL ILLAWE.
FREDERICK, ALBERTUS, } *Sons to Wallenstein.*
COLONEL GORDON, *Governor of Egers.*
COLONEL LESLIE.
CAPTAIN BUTLER.
PAGE *to Wallenstein.*

DUTCHESS *to Wallenstein.*
EMILIA, *Daughter to Saxon-Weimar.*
ISABELLA, *Woman to the Dutchess.*

Dragoons. Guard to the Emperor.
Guard to Wallenstein. Executioner. Attendants.

THE GREAT EXAMPLE OF VIRTUE, AND TRUE MÆCENAS OF LIBERAL ARTS,

MR. WILLIAM MURRY,

Of His Majesty's Bed Chamber.

SIR,

GRATITUDE is the best appendix to virtue, unthankfulness the worst addition to vice. My endeavour to achieve the one, and avoid the other, invited me to this publication of my many engagements to your best self, and betrayed your noble name to the patronage of this poem. The native magnificence of your disposition is so replete with mercy, that it would be an error in the religion of my duty, should I question your remission of this audacious crime, the offence being only the acknowledgment of my respective service to you. Works of this nature have always assumed this privilege, to aspire the noblest for their protectors. Since, then, authorised by custom, worthiest Sir, it cannot be a diminution to your fame, nor repugnant to the gravity of your most serious employments, to have him, by public profession, known your servant, who hath long since, by particular devotion, been

The humblest of your honorers,

HEN. GLAPTHORNE.

ALBERTUS WALLENSTEIN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter KINTZKI, TERTZKI, GORDON, BUTLER, *and* LESLIE.

Kint. THE rumour still continues.

Tert. Yes, my lord;
Ill fames, though quick, are certain; 'tis concluded
Past question or dispute; for these reports
Are grounded on too manifest a truth,
To carry doubt in them; it is confirm'd this morning:
He must resign.

Les. Though a stranger, sir,
And so less interested in the general's cause,
Than you, his countryman,—were you not my friend,
You lied to speak it. Must our general,
That soul of valour, Wallenstein, who has,
Like subtle lightning, purg'd the German air

From all the hot infections foreign war
Could threaten; sent the health-carousing Dane,
Drunk with his own blood, home; broke all the force,
With which the valiant Palatine, and his aids,
Infested had the province; given to death
That thunderbolt of war, whose very name
Was great as fate itself unto his foes,
The Swedish king; and must he, now his age
Is candied o'er with victories, be enforc'd
To a base resignation?—Death! he's damn'd
That dare but mutter it.

Gor. An they were so
Who first occasion'd it, 'twould bring much comfort
To all true soldiers.

Les. 'Tis concluded, sir,
Past all redemption: they are doubly damn'd
For their ingratitude. Displace a man
To whom they owe their lives! one whom, my lords,
We've seen i' th' heat and bravery of a fight
Cheer up his fainting and dishearten'd troops,
Even when his body seem'd but all one wound,
That it appear'd a little island, circl'd
Round with the purple deluge of his blood;
Who, when war's quiristers, the big-mouth'd drums
And surly trumpet, sung his army's dirge,
That fatal music swell'd his sprightly sense,
More than soft hymns at nuptials.

Tert. Sir, his glories
Are so well known to us, we need not urge
Their reputation; but 'tis past my thoughts,

Why, on the sudden, he should be compell'd
To give his charge up.
Kint. When the world believ'd
He should have had a double triumph in
The honour of his victories!
Les. I'll tell you.—
There is in princes' courts a lean-fac'd monster,
Term'd Envy, reigning in unworthy breasts,
To fame's heroic sons;—such as know to cringe
With subtle motion to their prince's smiles,
Adore his footsteps and his awful nods,
And can, like asps, instil into his ears
A sweet yet killing venom; these thin souls,
When the blunt soldier has, on piles of wounds,
Built up his country's peace, whisper—"Beware
In time, my lord, lest he do grow too great."
This, meeting with the jealous prince's fears,
As princes still are fearful of the greatness
Of rising active subjects, breeds resolves to cut up
That prop, leaning on which, themselves have stood
Firm and unshaken on their base; and these
Court parasites, and the emperor's weak distrusts,
Pull this disgrace on Friedland, which, if he
With an effeminate patience do put up,
May all the laurels growing on his crest
Be turn'd to cypress, serving for no use
But to adorn his funerals!
Gor. Soft!
The general's here himself: my gracious lord,
The duke.

Tert. Our thrice redoubted general.

Enter WALLENSTEIN *and* ILLAWE.

Wal. Ha! that sound
Awakes my drowsy soul. Pray, good my lords,
What do you behold degenerate in my looks,
Shewing me unworthy still of that great title?
Tert. I would pull my eyes out,
Should they convey into my soul a thought
Tending to so much sacrilege to honour
And perfect masculine virtue.
Wal. Yet I must
Put off that glorious title, like a garment
Old and unfit for wearing. O, my lords,
Our honour's individual with our souls,
Grows to that essence, as to the hand or cheek
The native whiteness! and to have that torn,
Lugg'd off by violent torture, is a suff'rance
Beyond the strength of patience: is't not, lords?
Tert. Yes; and look,
How far the noble immaterial soul
Transcends the duller body: so much, torment,
Inflicted on the purer mind, surpasses
Corporeal punishments.
Wal. It is a true
Philosophy, which, even amongst soldiers,
Whose only learning is compris'd in arms,
Is granted as indisputable. My lords,
What will the world, that sometimes stood at gaze,
Frighted with awful terror of my deeds,

Imagine, to behold me, in my age,
Depriv'd of all those titles, all those glories,
Which have grown up with me, even from my youth;
Which I have purchas'd with expense of wounds,
More numerous than I've veins?
'Twill straight conclude,—either my age is doting,
And return'd into a second childhood,
And unfit to manage
The glorious warfare and the big commands
Of martial discipline; or that my faith
Is, on the sudden, like a fair ripe fruit,
By th' too hot kisses o'the lascivious sun,
Betray'd to rottenness, by haughty pride
Or vain ambition tainted.

Les. And so blast
At least, my lord, in their too nice esteem,
Your former actions.

Gor. Wrap in clouds of shame
Your shining virtues.

Wal. True; for, 'twixt these two extremes,
There is no means t' escape by: think, then, lords,
What an inhuman irreligious wrong
It is both to my honour and my faith,
To be depriv'd thus basely of that charge,
Which I've perform'd with care and good success;
And what ingratitude 'tis in this prince,
This emperor, thus to reward my trust,
When his own soul can witness, 'twas myself
That from the Swede, the Palatine, and Dane
Rescued his eagles, who else had mew'd their plumes,

And from their height been forc'd to perch on earth!
I took the reeling pillars of his state
And pitch'd them firm and even; of this, his heaven,
I've been the Atlas; I did fight for him,
When every conflict was a victory,
Each field of battle was a field of glory;
Yet, as my truth's and loyalty's reward,
I am depriv'd unkindly, even in peace,
Of all my glories purchas'd in the war.

Tert. Next, sir, think
With whom your shining honour's in the scale
Balanc'd,—with one so far beneath your worth;
We are engag'd in reputation, never,
He being so far inferior to ourselves,
To obey his commands.

Kint. Mathias Gallas,
Your late field marshal.

Wal. His very name
Begets new horror in me. Noblest friends,
Co-partners with me in whatever dangers
Attend triumphant war; whom I have led
In crimson fields, through rising seas of blood,
That you have swam, not march'd, to victory;
Would it not breed afflictions in your souls,
Your noble honest souls, to see your poor,
Yet always loving, general, at this age,
Now, when his head's grown white beneath his helm,
Discarded from his office, and shook off,
As birds their feathers mew, or stags their horns,
Those useless excrements, in hope that fresher

Will in th' old places grow? Should I do this, I then
Might trail my waving ensigns in the dust,
As at my honour's funeral, and break
My sword 'gainst my own target; nay, put off
All pomp and pride of war, and, like that vain
Resemblance of a star, a comet, fall,
By my own fire consum'd, to earth forgotten.

Les. Great sir, though a stranger to you
By birth and nation, yet the strict alliance
I've to your princely nobleness, enjoins me,
Under your pardon, and with the allowance
Of these brave counts, your followers, to deliver
My zealous counsel to you.

Wal. Noble Scot, use your discretion freely.

Les. Thus, great sir, then;—
Though 't be in the power of princes to prescribe
Laws to their subjects, 'tis their subjects' wills
Must put those laws in act; 'tis their obedience
Which are the ablest sinews of the state;
And 'twere a barbarous cruelty to employ
Their hands against themselves, a strange injustice,
To make their proper virtue instrument
Of their own ruin.

Tert. Colonel Leslie speaks home.

Kint. And to much purpose.

Les. Do not, lords,
Misunderstand my meaning: I speak not this,
That I contemn authority, or dislike
Order in every thing. Without pre-eminence
In title of command, our trade, the warfare,

Could not subsist: but to inform our general,
Our too much injur'd general, that it is
No such strange crime to disobey a prince,
In things unjust; and can there be a greater
Or shamefuller injustice than for Cæsar,
By 's mandate, to enforce him to resign
His glorious charge up?

Gor. 'Twere a shame.

Ill. An utter, an abominable disgrace,
To all that honour virtue, should we suffer it.

Les. Here, then,
Ends what I would have uttered: of what force
Are Cæsar's mandates, when their real love
Has disannulled them? Circled with these hearts,
These bulwarks of brave hearts, what need have you
To acknowledge any emperor but yourself,
Your self, great duke, whose merit lays just claim
To that supremest title. Pray, once more
Give me your patience: rashness, gentlemen,
Gives the first onset fiercely, then recoils,
As wasps, when they have lost their stings: affairs
Of this high consequence do require mature
Deliberation; to confirm our own
Strength for the exploit, 'twere fit we did conjoin
With Saxon Weimar, and Gustavus Horne,
And the other bold confederates:—how likes
Your grace this project?

Wal. The drum and fife,
Trumpet and cannon, when their loud voices sing
Ios to victory, could ne'er beget

More music in my ravish'd sense. Best friend,
I am so bankrupt grown in my extent
Of gratitude, that, trust me, I could weep
To see myself so far outdone in friendship;
I am engag'd in honour to go on,
That this insulting emperor by his fall,*
To gain fit means to gratify your loves.
Thou airy name of loyalty, hence to heaven!
And find, like smoke, a burial in the clouds.
Thus I expire thy essence; henceforth I'll acknowledge
No other emperor but these worthies' hearts.

Tert. And we, great duke, henceforth will ne'er submit
To any rule but yours, which to confirm
As sure as Fate had seal'd it, on your sword
We'll take a solemn and religious oath
For the performance.

All. We all swear it.

Tert. And if any
Should be so basely perjur'd, as to break,
But in a thought, this sacramental faith,
Let our just angers fall as heavy on him
As Heaven's most horrid curses; sink his name,
Like some prodigy despis'd by light, into forgetfulness!

Wal. So now, methinks, I stand, like a Colossus,
Through whose spacious arch
Flows the vast sea of honour, without power
Oı natural force to ebb. Again, best friends,
The early day, though from the gorgeous East

* A line is evidently wanting here.

She breaks, adorn'd with chains of liquid pearl,
Cannot achieve full lustre, till the sun
Gild her pale cheeks with brightness; nor can we
Clothe the yet infant dawning of our hopes
In perfect robes of light, till we have
Attir'd them in the sparkling rays of blood,
Imperial blood! Come, let's go on resolv'd,
Like those brave men, who, in their awful palms,
Do bear about their destinies, and can
Command even Fate itself. Illawe, despatch with speed
Advices to the Marquess Brandenburg,
Weimar, and Count de Arnheim, that we entreat
A personal meeting with them all at Dresden.
Come, lords, whene'er the Roman eagle falls,
We'll mourn in triumph at her funerals.

[*exeunt all but Leslie.*

Les. So, things once well begun
Are half perform'd: the managing an act
With close and hidden practice, 'mongst the wise
And politic people, brings assur'd success:
Broad open ways the heavy snail does take,
While untrod paths best please the subtle snake. [*exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter the EMPEROR, GALLAS, *and* QUESTENBERG.

Emp. He'll not resign them?

Ques. 'Tis so fear'd; the greatness
Of his vast spirit never will admit

Resignation of those honours which
He has with such felicity enjoyed.
Gall. Besides, my lord,
The army is so much bewitch'd with love
Of this arch traitor, Wallenstein, they rather
Put off their due allegiance unto you,
Their natural sovereign, nay, give up their lives,
Than yield to any act which may concern
His removal.
Emp. Can this be possible!
Treason shall never brave us at our doors
Whilst I can wield a sword. Ungrateful slave!
Whom I have rais'd from such an abject lowness,
(His family did scarcely bear a name
In common gentry) to the very height,
The type of honour. That he should do this,
And, like the viper's young, devour that heart
That bred and nourish'd him, more afflicts my soul
Than all the wrongs and troubles which my foes
Ever inflicted on my fame and empire.
Mathias Gallas, let it be your charge
To see new forces levy'd, to oppose
'Gainst this arch rebel.
Gall. My lord, I've learn'd
I' the practick school of war, that to oppose
Fresh unexperienc'd troops against the flower
Of old and harden'd soldiers, is but as
If, 'mongst hungry lions, we should cast
Resistless infants, and, by their weak force,
Hope to o'ercome the furious beasts. Dread sir,

My counsel always has had that success,
To be accounted faithful to my prince:
Fear it not. Follow, then, my poor advice:
Meet treachery with policy, and try
If you the ambitious traitor can surprise.
The head once off, the weak and fainting limbs,
Like sear'd, dry'd boughs, by an impetuous wind
Torn from an aged oak, will fall to earth,
And be consum'd to ashes.

Emp. It shall be so.
Lord Questenberg, with all convenient speed
Despatch a trusty messenger unto
The King of Hungary; command his presence,
With his most able legions, for the safeguard
Of our own person. In such like affairs,
Which do concern th' uncertain rule of states,
Wise men should always be above their fates. [*exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter ALBERTUS *and* NEWMAN.

New. A pox upon her, sir! and, for her sake,
On all good faces! Must you sigh, and whine,
And make a face, worse than a zealous drunkard
Does o'er dead musty wine, because she's beauteous?
We soldiers do not use t' engender with
A physnomy; nor, as the learned term it,
Co-habit with a handsome nose or lip:
There are some parts beneath the waist, I take it,

More useful for a man of arms.

Alb. Good colonel, no more of this.

New. Should I ask you,
The reason why you love her, you must answer,—
'Tis for the sport; as for what other reason
Women were made, unless to prick upon
A clout, or starch, transcends my best philosophy:
And for that purpose a short-coat Friester,
That, as she milks each morning,
Bedews the cool grass with her virgin moisture,
As useful is, and active; sounder far,
That's certain granted. Pray, my lord, remember,
She's but your mother's gentlewoman; and whom, perhaps,
The butler has oftener folded up, than e'er
He did his table linen.

Alb. No more! You'll anger me.

New. You'll anger me again, then. We imps of Mars
Should know no other mistresses than what the camp contains.
I ne'er durst love in the field, (marry, in the city
I've had copulation with all trades,)
But one poor sutler's wife, and she as fair, too,
As was the kettle which she boil'd her beef in.
O, how the sweet smell of her ambergrease,
And kitchen stuff, perfum'd my greedy nostrils!
Yet on this beauty doted I,
Inspir'd by insurrection of the flesh;
And gave her, to cuckold the good corporal her husband,
Ten comely dollars; and, the devil take her,
She paid me with a pox!

Enter ISABELLA.

But, see; here comes the lady of the lake,
For whom you, good Sir Launcelot, make these lamentations.
Be not you bashful now;
But fall on boldly. 'Heart, let me drill her for you:
If her body be under musket proof,
'Tis ten to one my morris-pike shall enter.
To her, to her. [*exit Newman.*

Isa. Surpris'd by him alone; oh, my just fears!

Alb. Why, cruel fair one, should you shun his sight,
Whose very soul moves in your eyes? or why
Should your blest voice speak health to all the world,
Yet threaten death to me? Look on my youth,
My hopeful youth, which, in the active war,
Has taught old soldiers discipline; behold it
Nipt by the cold frost of your icy beauty,
As in a fever, languishing to nothing;
Forgetful of the noble pride and strength
It has so lately boasted. 'Tis unjust,
To see me still over my foes victorious,
Made by myself your captive, to insult
Over your suppliant vassal. Would those eyes,
Which can contract light's orb into a glance,
Become impoverish'd by a smile? those cheeks
Sully their native tincture, should they blush
At your mind's cruelty? 'twould rather add
To the illustrious excellence.

Isa. My noble lord!

Alb. Stay; you must not speak yet:
There's not an accent issuing from your lips
But has the power, should thunder speak, to charm
To peaceful quiet th' affrighted world,
And would strike dumb my passion. Best of virgins!
There is not that disparity 'twixt our births,
As there's unequal difference 'twixt our hearts:
Mine's all on fire, dare combat with the sun
For heat's priority; your's, mountain snow,
Cold as the north, and cruel as my fortunes;
Yet you may make them equal, as your eyes are,
By yielding up that fort, which will, when time
Has given it ceremonious privilege, be, perhaps,
By some unworthy groom, without resistance,
Surpris'd and enter'd.

Isa. My lord, bad custom is become
In men a second nature to deceive
Poor virgins by their flatteries. Noble youth!
That I do love you dearly, may these tears,
Shed for your folly, testify: look back
Into your priceless honour; call that up
T' assist the fortress of your mind, assail'd
By foul unlawful passion: think how base it is
To rob a silly orphan of her dowry;
I have no other, but my virgin whiteness,
Left to uphold my fame: nought but my virtue
To my inheritance: should you despoil me
Of that fair portion, by your lust, my memory
Would, like an early rose-bud, by that tempest
Die on its own stalk blasted.

Alb. I do dream, sure!

Isa. Women's fames, sir,
Are, like thin crystal glasses, by a breath
Blown into excellent form, and, by a touch,
Crack'd, or quite broken. Say, I should consent
To your desires: your appetite once sated,
You would repent the fact, when you should see
Yourself surrounded in a mist of cares;
View bashful virgins point at you, as at
Some hateful prodigy; hear matrons cry—
'There goes the lustful thief, that glories in
The spoil of innocent virgins; that foul thief,
That has a hundred eyes to let lust in at,
As many tongues to give his wild thoughts utterance.'

Alb. Sure some angel inhabits here;
This cannot be a mansion
For mortal frailty. Sweet, farewell! good night!
I would not have my over-saucy love
Commit a rude intrusion on thy peace,
Though parting with thee be more torment to me
Than to forego mine eyes. May all the joys
Of healthful slumbers crown thy bed! thy dreams
Be free from paraphrasing on my memory,
Lest it affright you. Once more, dear, good night!
While you with pleasing happy sleeps are blest,
I'll seek some way to my eternal rest. [*exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter WALLENSTEIN, WEIMAR, BRANDENBURG, TERTZKI, KINTZKI, ILLAWE, NEWMAN, GORDON, LESLIE, *and* BUTLER.

Wal. The honour you have done me, mighty princes,
Electors of the sacred Roman Empire,
By this your personal visit, does engage
So much our gratitude, that what ourselves,
And the most able forces of our friends,
Can in requital act, shall be perform'd.
Mutual discourses often mingle souls,
And as the arteries convey the blood
Throughout the body, they, from mind to mind,
Convey affection; to this end we did
Entreat this meeting, that our conference might
Join in an individual league our hearts.

Bran. This happy treaty, glorious duke, shall bring
Blest peace, once more, with turtle's wings to soar
Over the German provinces; shall dry
Tears from the eyes of mothers, while the virgins
Shall dedicate their hours to joyful hymns,
In honour of your merit.

Wei. The sturdy boor
Shall plough his fields in safety, and ascribe
To you, great duke, that happiness: 'twas you
Who, when Bellona thunder'd through the land,
Did stop the steel-wing'd goddess in her course;
Who, when our armies, like a raging flood,
Did bear down all before them, did oppose

The greedy torrent, boldly turn'd it back
Into its native body; and, conjoin'd
With you so inur'd to conquest, he were less
Than man, and more than coward, that could fear
Any ensuing dangers.

Wal. You do me too much honour, mighty princes.
And now, my brave confederates in arms,
Where bus'ness of import commands attendance,
That time's mis-spent, that's spent in useless words:
I shall, so please you, therefore, speak the cause,
In brief, which urg'd me to desire this conference,
And give you reasons for my strange revolt
From my so long-lov'd master.

Bran. 'Twas the end we only came for.

Wei. The sole reason
That drew us to this meeting.

Wal. Thus, in brief, then:
How I have serv'd this emperor, these wounds
That beautify my body, 'cause the marks
Of my just loyalty, given by your swords,
Can bear me righteous witness; but good service,
To a malicious and ungrateful prince,
Are rather causes of suspect than love;
And when men's actions do transcend reward,
They then descend to punishment: my cause
Is rightly stated thus;—for when myself,
I well may speak it without partial boast,
Had, like his eagle, in my powerful gripe,
Snatch'd up his crown, that lay despis'd on earth,
And heav'd it up to heaven, borne all the weight,

Which yours, the Danish, and the Swedish force
Could load these shoulders with; nay, shook it off
Lightly as winds in autumn do from trees
Their wither'd summer garments; then, even then,
When my just hopes were pregnant with conceit,
Of wreaths and triumphs, as a brave reward,
My soldiers, by his mandates, were forbid
T' obey me as their general, and myself
Commanded straightway to resign my charge,
All my great power, which I had bought with blood,
Unto Matthias Gallas, my field-marshal.

Wei. Insufferable injury!

Bran. Inhuman and unheard-of ingratitude!

Wal. Nay, more;
As I had been a traitor then in fact,
He did endeavour my surprise, to bring me
A prisoner to Vienna: think, then, lords,
When both my priceless honour and my life
Were at one stake propos'd, if I'd not cause
To play my game with cunning skill, when these
My brave commanders, from their martial eyes,
Did, for my wrongs, shed tears of blood; call'd on me
As on their friend, their father, not to leave
My sons, my soldiers. If I their request
Perform'd, I sav'd my honour and my life;
But if the emperor's, I gave up them both
To plain perspicuous ruin: yet, in not
Accomplishing my master's harsh commands,
The name of treason brands me: but pass that,
I, of two evils, chose to take the least,

Rather to draw upon me Cæsar's hate,
Than to forsake my charge and soldiers' loves;
And now, being free in my own soul as thought,
Unsought to, lords, and unconstrain'd, I offer
T' assist against this emperor, this thing
Made only up of name and voice; whom we
Will break, as showers do bubbles which themselves
Of nothing had created.

Wei. So welcome
Is this your proffer'd amity, no blessing,
Heaven in its fullest bounty could have shower'd,
Could have arriv'd more pleasing; and to shew
How much we prize your friendship, let your son,
Young Frederick, be affianc'd to my daughter;
The tie of nature to the tie of blood
Will make the union perfect.

Wal. 'Tis an honour
We are bound in duty to accept: my lords!
In noble souls, no thought should once admit
Sullen delay; our progress should be swift,
As is the passage of unlimited fire
In populous cities; or as winds, whose force
Does, at their birth, rend ope the stubborn womb
Of the dull earth—their mother: great designs
Should by great spirits only be pursu'd;
And our last business is our speedy conference
With Chancellor Oxenstern and the French ambassador.
Actions that carry an unusual weight,
Ought still to fly at an unusual height.

[*exeunt all but Leslie, Gordon, and Butler.*

Les. So, let the dull
Half-spirited souls, who strive on reremice wings,
By that which fools term honesty, to climb
To th' top of honour, in their silly virtue
Boast, while ingenious and more active spirits
In a direct line, without stop or hindrance,
Mount to their wishes, yet, in the world's esteem,
Are held as real and endu'd with goodness.
This Wallenstein, like a good easy mule,
Have I led on by the nose to this rebellion,
Fir'd with such venom as will spread
Like swift infection through his soul: these two
Shall be my agents to achieve my ends,
Factors in cunning to vent forth my intentions.— [*aside.*
Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, and my good
Captain Butler.

Gor. We were musing
What serious thought it was, that could so long
Detain you from our conference.

Les. 'Faith, I was studying
On our great general's fortunes, upon which
Our hopes and lives depend: what think you of them?

Gor. Well; at least we're bound
To hope the best: he's in himself so mighty,
He seems above his fate.

But. His plots do carry
A fair and specious outside.

Les. 'Tis a sign
Corruption is within them. Noble friends,
You are my countrymen, and if my life

May preserve yours from ruin, I shall deem it
Religiously employ'd; if you discover
What I intend to utter, 'twill but send
My age, some hours before its destin'd minute,
Unto my grave, and I most willingly
Shall die the cause's martyr.

Gor. By our honours,
No syllable shall ever pass our lips,
What you in love reveal to us.

Les. Thus, then, friends:
Rebellion never yet could boast a happy
Or prosperous period. Wallenstein's designs
Are built on sand, and with the emperor's breath
Will be dispers'd into the air: I speak not this,
That I do hate the man; heavens know, I love
His person, but detest the cause he justifies.

Gor. True, the dignity of princes
Does make whatever quarrels subjects raise
Against their sovereigns, odious.

Les. Shall we, then,
Here, in a strange country, violate
The laws of hospitality, unmake the antient faith
Ascrib'd unto our nation, by assisting
A traitor 'gainst his lawful prince? a general
Against that power which gave him that command?
Betray that royal master, to whose bounty
We owe our lives? first, rather, let's resolve
To open all his treasons, his proceedings,
Unto our lord the emperor.

Gor. 'Tis very just;

And, in my judgment, requisite.
But. I do approve it.
Les. 'Twere mere madness,
And he that does mislike it bears no brain,
No soul about him. Instead of slight preferment,
Which, should our general prosper, we at best
Could but expect, we shall have
Castles, lordships, earldoms, nay provinces;
Be styl'd the savers,
Preservers of the empire; have our names,
As 'twere in triumph, sung about the streets
In popular acclamations: think, then, friends,
How far these certain honours will surpass
Our airy expectations. Come, let's post
Straight to Vienna, and inform the emperor
Of all 's proceedings in this great affair;
We must not use our fortune, but our care. [*exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter FREDERICK, ALBERTUS, *and* NEWMAN.

New. Pish! perish still in ignorance: am I,
Who am grand master in the art of love,
Not able to instruct a limber youth
Of the first growth; your brother, here, makes love
In an ill-favor'd tone, and screws his countenance,
As he was singing lamentable ballads
Of Tilly's overthrow: but you, (for your part,
I've known you of an urchin,) are so fiery,

You speak all squibs and crackers, carry a cannon
In your mouth: you'll fright the lady; she'll imagine
You come to ravish her.

Alb. The colonel tells you your own good, brother.

New I've told you yours, too, or I'm much mistaken.
You love, 't should seem, the fair Emilia;
A pretty wench, they say, but that's no matter;
Your fathers are agreed on't, and you'd have me
Shew you the readiest way how to accost her:
Negatively, I will demonstrate instantly.

Fred. I shall observe your doctrine most exactly.

New. Pray observe:
You must not, then, accost her with a shrug,
As you were lousy, with your lady, sweet lady,
Or most super-excellent lady;
Nor in the Spanish garb, with a state face,
As you had new been eating of a radish,
And meant to swallow her for mutton to't;
Nor let your words, as that I'm most afraid of,
'Cause 'tis your natural mood, come rumbling forth,
Usher'd with a good full-mouth'd oath, I love you;
But speak the language of an overcoming lover.
I do not mean that strange pedantic phrase,
Us'd by some gallants who do aim at wit,
And make themselves stark asses by't; praise their mistresses
By the sun and stars, while the poor girls imagine
They mean the signs their mercers or perfumers
Inhabit at; for sure, beyond those planets
They've studied no astrology; but you must

In gentle, free, and genuine phrase, deliver
Your true affection, praise her eye, her lip,
Her nose, her cheek, her chin, her neck, her breast,
Her hand, her foot, her leg, her every thing;
And leave your roses and your lilies for
Your country frows to make nosegays of.
But, stay; here comes your mistress; her father, too,
In conference. Fall on, my Myrmidon,
While we retreat.

Enter WEIMAR *and* EMILIA.

Alb. Speed your endeavours, brother!

[*exit Albertus and Newman.*

Wei. 'Tis so concluded 'twixt me and his father,
For both our goods; be not you nice, Emilia.
The noble youth's so furnish'd with all worth,
You needs must like him.

Emi. Good sir, give me license
To let my eye direct my heart to love;
And, if young Frederick be the master of
Such absolute gifts, doubt not, but I shall find them.

Wei. My lord, I'm glad
Of this fair interview; I and my daughter
Were even conferring of you: sir, as yet,
She's something timorous,—dreads a soldier's looks.

Fred. She needs not, sir:
She bears a spell about her, that would charm
A Scythian's native fierceness into softness;
Those spirit-breathing eyes, my lord, which can
Kill as they please, or quicken with a glance.

Wei. Now they are enter'd,
I'll steal away, and leave them. [*exit.*
Fred. Gentle lady,
To make the addresses of my love-sick heart
Plain and apparent to you, that you may
Search through my soul, and find it all your creature,
Give me your patient hearing.
Emi. 'Tis a request
Might tax my manners, should I deny it to
One of your noble quality: use your pleasure.
Fred. Which consists
In viewing your bright beauty; the idea
Of all perfections which the jealous heavens
Durst ever lend to earth-divinest lady!
The gentle air which circumscribes your cheek,
Leaving its panting kisses on the flow'rs
That in that Tempe blossom, does not love
Those fields of purity more than mine eyes do.
Mine, lady, is a holy,
An intellectual zeal; such as the angels
And saints, who know no sexes, do affect by;
Past imitation, too, should they, who strive
To trace me, take the constancy of swans,
Or never-changing turtles, as their patterns.
Emi. Sir, it seems
You've studied compliment as well as arms;
But he's a foolish lover who, to gain
His mistress, dare not promise what you've utter'd; but I must
Have more than verbal assurance of your love.

Fred. By your fair self, I'm real, do intend
What I've deliver'd, with as much true zeal
As anchorites do their prayers: I love your mind,
Your excellent mind; and, for its sake, the pure
Shrine which contains that blessing;—this fair building,
This palace of all happiness;—and entreat you,
As you have mercy in you, to take pity
Upon my love's stern sufferings, and redress them,
By your consent to take me for your husband.

Emi. Sir, you are an over hasty lover to imagine
I can, at first sight of your person, be
Surpris'd, and yield; they must be strong allurements
Must tempt a bashful virgin, still inur'd
To no companion but her fears and blushes,
To give her heart away, and live in thraldom
Unto a stranger.

Fred. Love, madam, has eagles' eyes: it can beget acquaintance
Even in a moment; suddenly as time,
The time that does succeed it. Farewell!
I will not have my over hasty zeal
Urge your mild suff'rance further: pray, think on me
As one who've plac'd my full extent of bliss
In your enjoying; think you are the land mark,
By which the brittle vessel of my hopes
Must through love's swelling ocean be directed
To a safe harbour: honour me to kiss
Your fair hand. Lady, now farewell! no bliss
Can be in love, till we know what it is. [*exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter the EMPEROR, *the* KING OF HUNGARY, GALLAS, *and* QUESTENBERG.

Emp. Crowns are perpetual cares, and to their heads
That wear the wreath imperial are annex'd:
Foreign invasions oft may shake a state;
But civil broils are the impetuous firebrands
That burn up commonwealths. To quench
A flame domestic we are met, which will,
Like fame, increase by going on:—this late
Revolt of Wallenstein.

Hun. Perfidious slave,
On whom your plenteous bounties shower'd so fast,
They seem'd to drown him; he, whose great commands
Could not know aught above them but yourself;—
The general of your forces; of Glogaw,
Mecklenburg, Sagan, Friedland, styl'd the duke;—
He to invert your own arms 'gainst yourself,
Swells my vex'd soul to think on't.

Emp. 'Tis not words,
Or airy threatenings, will appease the mischief;
It must be done by force. Matthias Gallas,
Have you, according to our late commands,
Given orders for the levying new forces,
To oppose this traitor?

Gal. Mighty sir! I have; and seen them muster'd.

Emp. To what amounts their number?

Gal. Threescore thousand.

Hun. A royal army, had they been train'd
In military discipline: experience
Is half the soul of arms: we will take order
To have them taught the exercise of arms,
By those Hungarian troops which we brought hither.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Emp. Now, sir, your business.

Mess. Mighty sir!
The governor of Egers, Colonel Gordon,
Attended by Lieutenant-colonel Butler,
And Colonel Leslie, do desire admittance
Into your presence.

Emp. Let them enter:
They are his friends; and may, perhaps, discover
Some of his treacheries.

Enter LESLIE, GORDON, *and* BUTLER.

Noble strangers, welcome!
I do conceive 'tis business of importance
Has drawn you hither. In Colonel Leslie's looks
I read affairs of consequence, with which
His active brain does teem, and fain would be
By 's tongue deliver'd.

Les. Most mighty Cæsar!
To endear the service to you, I shall do you,
By gilding o'er each circumstance, its weight
And consequence, since 'tis my bounden duty
To you, my royal master, would but shew

Pride and arrogant love in me, the author,
To my own act, and so 'twould rather lessen
Than amplify my merit;—how I've serv'd you,
Under command of him, whom, in due justice,
I cannot mention now without foul curses,
Revolted Wallenstein, is to these lords,
And your great self, best known.

Emp. And our rewards
Shall strive to pay those services.

Les. But when I saw him
Put off his faith, abandon his allegiance,
Accounting all your bounteous favours trifles
Unto the mountainous pile of his deservings,
And, like a black cloud, hung o'er all your empire,
Uncertain where to break, and in's vast thoughts
Aspir'd your sacred dignity and life;
I, like his genius, screw'd into his counsels,
Explor'd his plots and treasons, and have found them
So full of eminent danger,—

Gor. So malicious.

Les. Empty of worth and honour; it had been
A sin beyond the horrid'st punishments,
To have conceal'd them from you; and which most
Tortures my loyal thoughts, as 't had not been
Sufficient for him to rebel himself,
He has form'd a league, defensive and offensive,
With your most eager enemies, Saxon Weimar,
Brandenburg, Arnheim, and Gustavus Horne,
And had a personal meeting for that purpose.

But. And 'tis to be fear'd,

That, if sudden power stop not their progress,
They will, with speedy violence, invade you
Here in your capital city.

Emp. Worthy strangers!
In this one act you've shown yourselves more faithful
Than all my home-born subjects; but, be sure,
If gratitude can equal your deserts,
You shall enjoy that amply. Noble Leslie!
The time is come now, and the dilemma cast,
That must conclude our empire, which we must
Unto thy care commit. To kill a traitor
Is a deserving action, for thou strik'st
Then with the sword of justice: wilt thou add
This one act to thy former high deserving,—
Kill this arch-rebel?

Les. 'Twas an office
We should have begg'd: believe 't, he's dead already;
I'll kill him in his pride,—in all his glories,—
With such security, as I would sleep
After a tedious watching.

Emp. And expect
Whate'er your hopes can wish: so, with all speed,
Back to your charge: be careful. Come, my lords;
Fate now does smile upon us, and the storm
Which threaten'd us, is suddenly grown calm.

[*exeunt Emperor, Hungary, Questenberg, and Gallas.*

Les. Now our hopes
May rest, best friends, assur'd of good success:
'Tis in our hands, our fates, and we have hearts
Dare venture on this giant duke, and lift him

With as much ease from earth, as the bright sun
Does dull and lazy vapours; nor let dangers
Fright us from the achievement, since the justice
The cause does carry, is a certain armour
'Gainst all the assaults of peril; which, in itself,
Is but an April storm, no sooner shown
To fright the air, but by the next wind o'er-blown.

[*exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter FREDERICK *and* EMILIA.

Fred. Divinest lady!
I hope your late refusal of my love
Is alter'd now by your more gentle pity:
My constancy carries more strength about it,
Than to be blasted by your first repulse;
In the same righteous cause of my affection,
I must again be advocate, and hope
My suit will be effected.

Emi. Alas! my lord,
Make me not thus the subject of your mirth
Or compliment: your soul is too secure
In its own manly virtues, from surprise
Of weak affection, especially of mine,
Who am so worthless in myself, I cannot
Boast those high glories as to be victorious

Over so brave a conqueror.

Fred. Those bright eyes,
Like heaven's blest light, when from a mist of clouds
He peeps, and gilds the earth with brightness, can
Quicken and fire even marble hearts with love,
Thaw souls of ice, my Emilia.
A malefactor's fears are more upon him,
Ere he do come to's trial, than when he hears
The judge pronounce the sentence of his death:
'Tis so with me; and I should be more blest
To hear that voice of yours,—
That angel's voice,—too sweet for such dire use,
With a severe refusal strike me dead,
Than live tormented in a sad suspense,
Ignorant of my destiny.

Emi. My lord,
If I should frame my virgin thoughts to love,
They should be fix'd on you; but I'm so well
Content and settl'd in a virgin life,
I cannot wish to change it.

Fred. Not t' embrace a larger stock of happiness, Emilia?
Virginity is but a single good,
A happiness which, like a miser's wealth,
Is, as from others, so from your own use
Lock'd up and closely cabin'd, since it not admits
Communication of its good; when you
Shall, in the state of marriage, freely taste
Nature's choice pleasures, that same happiness
You were created for.

Emi. You have prevail'd, sir;
You, who are still victorious o'er your foes,
Must needs remain a conqueror o'er your friends:
My lord, receive me freely; I am yours
For ever.

Fred. This chaste kiss shall seal the contract.
Come, my Emilia: love is such a wealth,
As must be gain'd by free consent, not stealth. [*exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter WALLENSTEIN, DUTCHESS, NEWMAN, TERTZKI, KINTZKI, ILLAWE.

Wal. Are they agreed yet, Newman?

New. 'Faith, my lord,
The virgin lady's something fearful; fears
A man of war should board her, lest his charge
Should make her keel split. My Lord Frederick
Is of that rough demeanour, spite of my
Instructions, he will never learn to woo
In the due phrase and garb.

Wal. I do admire
The fond, base carriage of our giddy youth
In love affairs; and grieve to see my sons,
Who should inherit from me my great spirit,
As well as fortune, so degenerate from
My masculine courage: when in the blooming pride
Of my green youth I flourish'd, my desires
Aim'd always rather in the tented field

To spend my hours, than on a downy couch:
To see the face of a stern enemy besmear'd with blood,
Pleas'd me far better than a lady's looks.
Dutch. And yet you vow'd,
Ere you won me, my lord, you ne'er saw object
That so much pleas'd your appetite.
Wal. Perhaps, I might,
For the obtaining of my ends, descend
From my great spirit so much as to decline
To idle courtship: the birds and beasts will do it,
To sate their appetites; the fiery steed,
That, in the fervour of a fight, oft times
Neighs courage to his rider, when provok'd
With eager heat, will lick and bite his female
Into the same desire: the sparrows bill,
And, with a chirping rhetoric, seem to court
Enjoyment of their wishes; which fulfill'd,
Dulls their heads, they couch beneath their wings,
And, in a slumber, forfeit all remembrance
Of their past pleasures; yet insatiate man,
In his desires more hot than steeds or sparrows,
Will, to obtain it, quite divest his soul
Of all that's masculine in him, and transform
His very being into woman.
New. Sure,
My lord intends to write some proclamation
'Gainst wearing Holland smocks,—some furious edict
'Gainst charitable leaguerers: I've known him,
And so have you, my lords, for all this heat
'Gainst womanhood, pursue a sutler's frow,

And she had but one eye neither, with as much zeal
As e'er knight-errant did his fair Lindabrides,
Or Claridiana.

Enter FREDERICK *and* EMILIA.

Ter. My lord, your son and fair Emilia.

New. The quarrel's reconcil'd, I'll lay my life on't.

Wal. Beauteous lady!
The contract 'twixt me and your father, touching
The marriage 'twixt my son and your fair self, I hope,
By your consent, is ratified: my boy
Looks sprightly, as if he were new return'd
From a triumphant victory.

Fred. My lord,
I am so much a master of my wishes,
By being blest in this fair lady's love,
I cannot wish a happiness above
What I possess; only would you be pleas'd
To destiny the most welcome hour for
The consummation of our nuptials.

Wal. 'T shall be accomplish'd
With all the speed that preparations can
Be made for the solemnity. Your news, sir.

Enter PAGE.

Page. My lord, there's Colonel Gordon, and some others,
Newly arriv'd from Egers, beg admittance
Into your presence.

Wal. Let them enter;
They are my noble friends. Madam, take

The bright Emilia to your charge: Frederick, you
Have leave to wait on your mistress.

[*exeunt Dutchess, Frederick, and Emilia.*

Enter GORDON, LESLIE, *and* BUTLER.

Worthy friends,
You're dearly welcome: I presume, the business
Must be of much importance that could draw
You, without giving us first notice of it,
From Egers hither.

Les. Mighty sir! our fortunes,
Our honours, lives, whatsoe'er we can call ours,
Are such a debt to you, that we're engag'd
To sacrifice them all, in any service
For you, especially in this affair
We're now arriv'd about, since it concerns
Your precious life; which, by that tyrant Cæsar,
At half the price and value of his empire,
Is set to sale.

Wal. Horror! as how, good colonel?

Les. When you shall know, sir,
The traitors, such his malice would have made them,
Pick'd out for the assassinates of your person,
You'll bless you from his treacheries, as from
Infectious damps; for the men, best general,
Are of such bosom trust, so near ally'd
To all your counsels, 't had been as easy for them
To have acted your sad ruin, as it is
For me to speak this.

Ter. Very strange! pray, name them.

Les. Even ourselves,—
Our faithful, innocent selves,—were those same monsters,
Design'd for to put in act his purpose; who,
'Cause we were mercenaries in this warfare,
He thought as easily we would sell our faiths;
Courted us, therefore, with whole piles of honours,
Mountains of titles, mines of endless riches;
But, where our honours stand in competition,
These are but frivolous baits,—trifles for children,—
To play and toy withal: our faiths are crystal,
Which poison cannot vitiate.

Wal. And our love
Shall strive by yours to take a fair example,
How to requite your truth. But, pray, what answer
Return'd you to this man, more great in mischiefs
Than he's in power or title?

Les. Entertain'd
His proffer'd bounties with a specious shew
Of thankfulness; nay, promis'd to effect
His damn'd intent; besought him not t' employ
Any other instruments, but ourselves, t' accomplish
The ruin of your person; by these means
To free your dear life from the imminent danger
Of being, by others, aim'd at.

Ter. These strangers' loves
Surpass credit.

Wal. To thank you
For this same dear preserval of my life,
Best friends, were to admit your action might
Receive, by gratitude, a satisfaction;

But, pray, divide my soul; my life and fortunes
Are at your disposition. Noble lords,
That this base emperor seeks to take my life,
By treachery, is an apparent sign:
He fears that I should live; and, half victorious
Ere blow be strucken, are they whom their foes
Dread, ere they do behold them. Let's go on, then,
Arm'd with our aids, back'd with our cause's justice,
'Gainst this insulting emperor, and resolve
To pull the tyrant from his throne, destroy
His very name, his memory, his ashes,
With as much easy freedom, as rough winds
Demolish crazy buildings. Colonel Gordon,
Some five days hence we shall arrive at Egers,
There to make preparation for the nuptials
Betwixt our son and fair Emilia.
Come, lords, since we amongst ourselves are true,
Conquest is ours, which we'll with speed pursue. [*exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter ALBERTUS.

Alb. To be in love, nay, to be so in love,
To put off all our reason and discourse,
Which does distinguish us from savage beasts;
To dote upon a face, which, like a mirror,
Sully'd by any breath, by the least sickness
Grows pale and ghastly: is not this mere madness?
Why should 't inhabit here then? Sure the soul,

As 'tis a spirit of a subtle essence,
A form as thin and pure as is an angel's,
Can ne'er be author of these wild desires,
So opposite to its nature; they're all fleshly,
Sordid, as is the clay this frame's compos'd of.
Shall the soul,
The noble soul, be slave to these wild passions,
And bow beneath their weight?—ha, Isabella!

Enter ISABELLA.

All reason, sense, and soul are in her looks;
There's no discourse beyond them. Cruel fair one!
Are you still resolute to persist in your
Strange tyranny, and scorn my constant love?

Isa. Do not, sir,
Abuse that sacred title, which the saints
And powers celestial glory in, by ascribing
It to your loose desires; 'pray, rather clothe them
In their own attribute; term them your lust, sir;
Your wild, irregular lust; which, like those firedrakes
Misguiding 'nighted travellers, will lead you
Forth of the fair path of your fame and virtue,
To unavoided ruin.

Alb. This is coyness,
A cunning coyness, to make me esteem
At a high rate, that jewel which you seem
To part from so unwillingly; merchants use it
To put bad wares away: dear Isabella,
Think what excessive honour thou shalt reap
In the exchange of one poor trivial gem,

And that but merely imaginary, a voice,
An unsubstantial essence; yet for that
Thou shalt have real pleasures, such as queens,
Prone to delicious luxury, would covet
To sate their appetites. Think, Isabella!
That hardest marble, though not cut by force,
By oft diffusion of salt drops is brought
Into whatever form the carver's fancy
Before had destin'd it. Your heart's that substance,
And will, by frequent oratory of tears,
Be brought to wear the perfect stamp, the figure
Of my affection on it.

Isa. Thus beseig'd,
It is high time I summon up my virtue,
All that is good about me, to assist
My resolution: sir, I would be loth
That you should see me angry; 'tis a passion
My modesty is unacquainted with;
Yet, in this cause, dear to me as my honour,
I needs must chide your passion. O consider,
Look what a precipice of certain ruin
Your violent will, as on some dangerous rock,
That strikes whate'er dashes upon 't in pieces,
Has cast your heedless youth upon! my lord,
Why should you venture your whole stock of goodness
Upon forbidden merchandize? a prize
Which the most barbarous pirates to the laws
Of moral honesty, would fear to seize on,
Both for its sanctity and trivial value.

Alb. I'm thunderstruck!

Isa. What foolish thief, my lord, would rob an altar,
Be guilty of the sacrilege, to gain
A brazen censer? why should you, then, affect
A sin so great as spoiling me of honour,
For such a poor gain as the satisfying
Your sensual appetite? think, good my lord,
The pleasures you so covet are but like flattering mornings,
That shew the rising sun in his full brightness,
Yet do, ere night, bury his head in tempests.

Alb. I'm disenchanted! all the charms are fled,
That hung, like mists, about my soul, and robb'd it
Of the fair light of virtue. Excellent angel!
You have that power in goodness as shall teach
Wonder, that child of ignorance, a faith,
No woman can be bad. I do confess,
Big with the rage of my intemperate lust,
I came to blast your purity, but am
Become its perfect convert; so reclaim'd
By your best goodness from these foul intentions,
Hell has not strength enough to tempt my frailty
To the like wild looseness; pray, sweet, forgive me,
Seal it with one chaste kiss, and henceforth let me
Adore you as the saver of my honour,
My truth and fame's preserver.

Isa. I am glad
I've wrought this reclamation on your folly;
And, trust me, I shall ever love this in you,
Though my more humble thoughts shall ne'er aspire
To affect your person.

Alb. Had you yielded to my desires,

Been no whit virtuous, I should have esteem'd you,
(My looser heat, by your consent, extinguish'd,)
But as a fair house haunted with goblins,
Which none will enter to possess, and bless'd me
From the prodigious building; when now,
Big with the chaste assurance of your virtue,
I do beseech [you], by your love, your mercy,
Look on my innocent love, more spotless
Than are the thoughts of babes which ne'er knew foulness;
Accept me for your husband; start not, lady!
By your fair self I mean it, do entreat it,
As my extent of happiness.

Isa. This, my lord,
Is too extreme o'th' other side; as much
Too mean I hold myself to be your wife,
As my own fame and honour did esteem me
Too good to be your prostitute. My lord,
The wiving vine, that 'bout the friendly elm
Twines her soft limbs, and weaves a leafy mantle
For her supporting lover, dares not venture
To mix her humble boughs with the embraces
Of the more lofty cedar: 'twixt us two
Is the same difference. Love, my lord, and hope
A nobler choice,—a lady of your own
Rank; all the ends my poor ambition
Shall ever aim shall be to love your worth,
But ne'er aspire your nuptials.

Alb. You're too humble,
Impose too mean a value on a gem
Kings would be proud to wear; dear Isabella,

Let not thy modest sweetness interpose
A new impediment 'twixt my lawful flames
And thy own vestal chastity; let not fear,
To thy sex incident, of my father's wrath
Stagger thy resolution; thou shalt be
To me my father, mother, brother, friend,
My all of happiness; if we cannot here,
In peace, enjoy our wishes, we will love,
Like turtles in a desert, only blest
In one another's company.

Enter FREDERICK *and* NEWMAN.

New. Why look you, sir, yonder's the cock o'th' game,
About to tread yon guinea hen: they're billing;
Shall we retire, my lord? perhaps they're going to it,
And 't would be a shame to spoil their sport.

Fred. I'm resolv'd, I'll speak to him.

New. Your pleasure must be accomplish'd;
But take heed we draw not the virgin's curses on us
Both; take heed on't, it will fall heavy.

Alb. Surpriz'd, and by my brother! pr'ythee, sweet,
Withdraw; I would not have thy timorous ears
Frighted with his loud anger. [*exit Isabella.*

Fred. Save you, brother! you've parted with your
Mistress; pray, tell me, does she kiss well?
Has she a fragrant lip?
Are her demeanors courtly, apt to ravish?
Are you resolv'd to run away with her,
And stain the honour of our family for her sweet sake?

Alb. Gentle brother, you speak a language

I nor understand,
Nor value much the meaning. In your love
I meddled not; and 't had been manners in you
Not to have intruded upon mine, your presence
Being unrequired.

Fred. You're very confident, young gallant,
In defence of your brave mistress;
I know you are in love, bravely in love,
With a trim chambermaid, a thing made up
Of a cast taffety gown, of an old wardrobe.
Degenerate brother! were I not assur'd
Of your chaste mother's virtues, I should question
Whether my father got you; but I'm come
To disenchant thy senses from the charms
That hateful witch throws on them; but resolve
Quickly to quit her, or, by heaven! she'd better
Commix with lightning.

Alb. Pray, good brother, use
Your threats upon your corporals, or stamp
At your tame lancepresados, when they do not
Perform your charge; your rage upon your boys
Were more becoming, than upon your brother:
If you will sit, and, with attentive patience,
Mark what I shall deliver, I will give you
Reasons for my intentions, but, if not,
You may depart unsatisfied.

Fred. Well, sir, be brief, I shall attend you.

Alb. In brief, I love fair Isabella, so as honour,
Not the vicious heat of youth,
Commands me to affect. I love her virtue,

And have in that, as noble, rich a dowry
As the addition of estate and blood,
Which you've acquir'd in your late happy match
With young Emilia.

Fred. Dare you, boy, name her
And my Emilia as parallels?

Alb. Why, good brother,
Though she transcends her in her birth and fortunes,
Yet, in the rare endowments of her mind,
She is her equal; virtue has a soul as precious
In peasants, as in princes: 'tis a birth-right
None can deprive them of, who truly have it.
'Tis so with Isabella.

Fred. You do intend to marry her?

Alb. Yes, brother,

Fred. She is a whore.

Alb. 'Tis a most scandalous lie; and, on your heart,
I'll prove her chaste and virtuous as Emilia,
As your Emilia.

Fred. Have at you. [*they fight.*

Enter TERTSKI, KINTSKI, NEWMAN, *and* ILLAWE.

New. Help to beat down their swords, my lords!
'Death! Frederick! Albertus! what do you mean?
Let's beat them both; 'heart! I think you're drunk
With Lubeck beer or Brunswick mum.

Kin. For shame!
Put up your angry weapons.

New. How fell you out, gentlemen, how fell you out?

Ter. It was a sad misfortune, nor would I

It should arrive unto our general's notice,
For half my earldom: 'las, my lord! you bleed.
Alb. No matter,
My blood could ne'er in more holy use
Have been employ'd.
New. Now the heat's over, do you not both think
Yourselves a pair of coxcombs! come, shake hands;
I will make you both stark drunk, but I will have you
Good friends again: brothers fall out! for shame!
Brothers fall out! [*exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter WALLENSTEIN, FREDERICK, DUTCHESS.

Wal. Can this be possible?
Fred. 'Tis a truth;
And if your high authority countermand not
His fond intentions, he will wed her, and
Dishonour our great family.
Wal. Call him hither:
I shall instruct the gallant youth his duty.
Dutch. But, good my lord, do not, with too severe
A harshness, chide the error of his love;
Lest, like a crystal stream which, unoppos'd,
Runs with a smooth brow gently in its course,
Being stopp'd o'th' sudden, his calm nature riot
Into a wilful fury, and persist

In his intended fancy.

Wal. Gentle madam, teach
Your women how to dress you; here are none
Do need your presence, or instruction: you would have him
Leap your neat chambermaid, and get a monkey
For you to play withal. He is here;—
Pray you, depart:—Frederick, attend your mother;
I would be private. [*exeunt Dutchess and Frederick.*

Enter ALBERTUS.

Alb. Your grace was pleas'd to send for me.

Wal. I did so:
Know you the cause?

Alb. Not yet, my lord.

Wal. I am your father, sir;
Whose frowns you ought to tremble at, whose anger
Should be as dreadful to you as heaven's curses:
Look on my face, and read my business there.

Alb. Alas, my lord, your looks
Are discompos'd with rage; your fiery eyes
Roll with the accustom'd motion they had wont
To dart upon your enemies: I am
Assur'd my innocence can no way merit
Your all-consuming anger.

Wal. 'Tis a lie!
A worthless lie! false as thy flattering hopes are:
You are in love; most gallantly in love
With Isabella; one who is compos'd
Of paint and plasters; thou degenerate monster!

Traitor to fame, and parricide to honour!
Abject in thy condition as thy thoughts are!
Tear this vile strumpet from thy soul, do't quickly;
Renounce her with all binding ties can urge thee
To keep thy faith, or I will quite put off
The name of father, take as little notice
Thou art my offspring, as the surly North
Does of the snow, which, when it has engender'd,
Its wild breath scatters through the earth forgotten.

Alb. This was the killing fever I still fear'd:
Sir, I should be a stranger to your blood,
As well as noble worth, should I commit
Actions I sham'd to justify; I confess
I love fair Isabella; and beseech you,
The meanness of her fortune and her birth
Omitted, she may be conferr'd upon me
In lawful marriage.

Wal. Dare you, boy,
Speak this to me?

Alb. I should, sir, be degenerate
From your great spirit, should I fear to utter
What I do wish effected. Were you a god,
As, being my father, you're but a degree
To me beneath one, in a cause so righteous,
I should not only boldly crave your license,
But hope to have it granted.

Wal. Hell and furies!
Durst any mortal fool, but my own issue,
Venture to brave my fury thus? Resolve,
Villain, in full to satisfy my purpose;

Do it without regret; renounce this strumpet;
Even from thy soul abandon her remembrance,
Or, by my unwearied valour, better,
And with more safety, thou may'st hug a wave,
When its white lips kiss heaven. Young sir, your honour
Is not your own; for it you're but my factor,
And must give me account, a strict account,
Of the errors you run in: to the dust
Of my great ancestors, stand I accountant
For all my family; and their blest ashes
Would break their marble lodgings, and come forth
To quarrel with me, should I permit this bar
To stain their glorious heraldry.

Alb. Great sir!
Can virtue be a blemish, or true worth
Disgrace nobility? 'twas that, at first,
When nature made all equal, did distinguish
'Twixt man and man, and gave a just precedence
To the most worthy. Honour is virtue's offspring.
Since, then, the angel my affection's fix'd on,
Is fair and virtuous, all the good that ever
Durst with frail flesh commix, or earth be proud of,
How to our families' honour can she bring
A diminution? Can, sir, the chaste ice,
Kiss'd by the sun into its native substance,
Pollute a chrystal river? Surely, rather,
It adds fresh moisture to its stream. My lord,
I am your son, and have been still obedient
To your commands; O, by your love, your virtue,
Your never daunted virtue, I beseech you,

Grant me this one request! wer't for my life,
I should not be so abject as to spend
My breath for its redemption.
Wal. Well, thy prate
Has overcome me; I am pitiful,
Beyond my nature pitiful, to thee:
Thou shalt enjoy thy wishes.
Alb. All the blessings
Prayers can obtain from heaven, shower down upon you,
For your superlative mercy.
Wal. Stay, and mark me;
'T shall be with this condition—that, as soon
As thou art wed, and hast enjoy'd thy wishes,
Ere the next sun rise on you, you resolve,
Without remorse, to kill your Isabella!
Alb. Heavens protect me!
Wal. Nay, thou shalt swear it too! 'las, gentle boy,
I know thy nature is too full of fire
To mix with sordid earth; and though thy lust,
Which is but manhood in thee, prompt thee on
To taste the sweets of Isabella's beauty,
I know thou scorn'st so much to unmake thy gentry,
To take her for thy wife. Perhaps she will not
Give up her honour, till the church has seal'd
That grant as lawful: freely I allow
Her brave ambition, if, as a reward
Due to her haughty pride, thy own hands kill her,
And so wipe out the infamy.
Alb. Strange cruelty! So tyrants us'd to grant offenders life,

After their condemnation, to reserve them
To combat wild beasts in the spacious cirque,
Or bloody amphitheatre. My lord!

Wal. Pish! I am deaf; inexorable as seas
To th' prayers of mariners, when their keel
Is drunk with billows.

Enter DUTCHESS, ISABELLA, *and* PAGE.

Dutch. O, my lord,
Your justice on this cursed witch, this thief!
This morning I have lost out of my cabinet
The so much valu'd jewel, which your bounty
Bestow'd upon me; none but she and I
Having been there since, she must be thief:
Force her to restitution!

Wal. 'Twas a gem my mother gave me; which I did preserve
With as much care as votaries do the relics
Of their protecting saints: I gave it you,
When, in the eager fervor of my youth,
I destin'd you my wife. Come hither, minion;
You, who can steal the jewels of men's hearts,
With your enchanting sorceries, will not fear
To make a venture upon pettier theft.
[*To the Page.*] Sirrah, go bid them wait me here.
[*exit Page.*

Isa. My lord,
I'm so secure in my own innocence,
That should your fury riot on my life,
'T would not affright me; I should meet my death
As willingly as I should do my rest,

After a tedious watching: there's no armour
Like that of innocence, with which I'm guarded,
And, therefore, laugh at punishment.

Enter a GUARD.

Wal. So brave? I shall soon quell your insolence. Lay hands
On this ignoble strumpet! hang her up here in my presence!

Alb. Stay, sir! I do beseech you, hear me.

Wal. Your entreaties are cast on me, as fools throw oil on fire,
Striving to extinguish it: hang her up!
I'll hang you all else.

Alb. Then, sir, I will speak;
Since you forget to be a father to me,
I will put off my duty. I'm resolv'd,
Since 'tis impossible that we should live,
To die together: nor do not, slave, presume
To touch this mine of purity; 'tis a treasure,
While I'm alive, hell cannot ravish from me,
For fiends would fear to touch it. If you murder
This spotless innocent virgin, you are such,
So merciless a tyrant, as do love
To feed on your own bowels; one whom nature
Created for a curse, and to get curses:
Such prodigies as I am, one whom all lovers
Shall tremble at, if mentioned; one—

Wal. 'Death! have I lost my command? is he or I
To be obey'd? Hang her! If he resist,

Kill the unnatural traitor!

Isa. Dear Albertus! draw not a ruin on thy priceless life
For my despised sake: I will go to death
In full peace, as does an anchorite,
That's assur'd of all his sin's forgiveness.
[*they lay hands on her.*

Alb. Saucy devil!
Carry that touch of her to hell, 'twill serve
To mitigate thy tortures.
[*kills one of the Guard, and is stabbed by Wallenstein.*

Dutch. O, my lord, what has your fury acted?
Dear Albertus!

Alb. 'Twas a most friendly hand, and I could kiss it
For the most welcome benefit. Isabella,
In death thou giv'st me life; thy innocence
Will, like my guardian angel, safely convey me
To yonder heav'nly mansion; pray, forgive me,
Dear sir, if, in my over-hasty zeal
In this poor innocent's quarrel, my wild fury
Transgress'd my natural duty, and, as the last
Request your dying son can ask, take pity
On this most innocent maid. Thy hand, my fair one:
And now as willingly I do expire,
As a blest martyr who does court the fire.
O, Isabella! [*dies.*

Dutch. O, my dear Albertus!

Wal. 'Death! slave, dare you play with a flame
That shall consume you? Hang her up!
Or torments shall pay your breach of duty.

Isa. There, friend; there's all the jewels I am mistress of,

And that thou merit'st. 'Pr'ythee, be as speedy
In thy despatch, as fate itself. There is
A pure white ghost, in yon same azure cloud,
Expects me straight: I come, my dear Albertus!
[*is hanged.*

Wal. Take hence their bodies; 'twas a hopeful boy,
And one I lov'd well, 'till his wild love
Made him forget his duty; and 'tis better
He died with fame, his sword in 's hand, than that
He'd liv'd with foul dishonour; would he were
Alive again! I do begin to feel
Strange horrors here, and that big guest, my soul,
Is shaking as with a nipping frost; hence, idle grief,
I must be furnish'd with more sprightly passions;
Thou art too heavy, fit for the society
Of none but pensive women. All must die:
Why should not he, then? 'twas his destiny. [*exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter GORDON, LESLIE, *and* BUTLER.

Les. Are all your horse in readiness?
Gor. Yes, 'tis time
That we were mounted; 'tis four leagues, at least,
Unto the general's camp, and 'twill be late
Ere we arrive there. Are you yet resolv'd
Upon the means by which to put in practice
Our long intended purpose? our delay

Will make the emperor apt to call in question
Our faith's integrity.

Les. So great a business
Is not with easy speed to be perform'd:
An eager haste oft times o'erthrows the fortunes
Of such affairs; if we once get him hither,
Within our city walls, be confident
He's in his grave: but have you given command
That all your soldiers be in readiness,
To wait the general's entry?

But. They shall be
In their best furniture of arms, all drawn
Into parada; he shall have all pomp,
And ornament of war, to bid him welcome.

Les. These triumphs
Shall be but funeral pomps before his death.
Gordon, you must, as governor of Egers,
Present the keys with all humility,
To his dispose; 'twill make him be more careless,
And trust his very soul into our hands.

Gor. Doubt not me;
I shall perform with cunning skill, whate'er
Belongs to me: but do you intend the general
Alone should fall, or his confederates
Shall perish with him?

Les. O, by all means. Indian princes
Do carry slaves to wait on them into
The other world; and 'twere inglorious
That our brave general should not have that privilege!

Count Tertzki, Kintzki, Newman, Marshall Illawe,
Shall be his harbingers, and, i' th' shades below,
Provide fit entertainment for his ghost.
But. They are of power; their deaths will shrewdly weaken
The strength of the conspiracy.
Les. Very true; I'll craftily instil into his ears
New causes of distrust, so to beget
In him more confidence of my faith, so to
Allure him hither sooner: we must work
Surely, as does the mole, who digs
Her habitation in the earth, and scorns
All the assaults of tempests: when he's in,
We must be prompt in action, sure of hand,
And sound of heart, and strike him with that violence,
From the supposed heavens
His ambition climbs to, that the thin air
Does, from its purer regions,
Dull earthly meteors: come, let's away,
Nought crosses actions like a dull delay. [*exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter WALLENSTEIN.

Wal. To be diseas'd in mind, diseas'd past cure
Of physic or sage counsel, is a madness,
The active soldier, all whose ends are glory,
And that by virtue cowards term a sin,
(Ambition) should not be acquainted with.

Although my cares do hang upon my soul
Like mines of lead, the greatness of my spirit
Shall shake the sullen weight off: natural rest
Is, like a wholesome bath to limbs oppress'd
With gouts and aches, to a troubled mind
A most excelling medicine, and I feel
A strong propension in my brain to court
Sleep for its mild physician. Within there, boy!

Enter PAGE.

Sirrah! be sure that none disturb my rest
On no occasion; on your life, I charge you.

Page. Shall I sing, sir?

Wal. Yes, if the notes be heavy, apt to invite
The weary soul to slumbers. [*song.*

Page. Who's there? you must not enter.

Enter DUTCHESS.

Dutch. Must not, sirrah!
Where is your lord?

Page. Your pardon, gracious madam! he's laid down
To rest; and has, upon my life, commanded
Me, none should wake him.

Dutch. Think'st thou, he is
So much addicted to his ease he will
Neglect his business? Go in, and tell him,
The governors of Egers, Colonel Gordon
And Colonel Leslie, are without, upon
Affairs of consequence.

Page. Would your grace

Would pardon me! yourself, with greater safety,
Might do it, madam.

Dutch. Foolish boy! go in; I will be thy security.

Page. I shall perform,
Though most unwillingly, your command. My lord,
Please you to rise;—your dutchess.

Wal. Ha! where's my sword?
Thou art a coward ghost, and not my son's,
To take me in my sleep, unarm'd: my poniard
Will still be faithful to me; if thou be'st not
Thin air, its point will graze on thee. [*stabs the Page.*

Dutch. O, my lord,
What has your fury acted? this, your sudden
Murd'ring this innocent youth, doth add new horrors
To your strange cruelties.

Wal. Ha! my page! his death
Was but due justice for his breach of duty,
For thus disturbing of my rest.

Dutch. My lord,
Your hands are purpled so in innocent blood,
Tears cannot wash the tincture off; myself
Am as deep-guilty as you in the slaughter
Of Isabella: she was innocent:
The jewel I accus'd her of, this morning,
Grief to my soul! I've found. Pray heaven, repentance
May expiate our offences!

Wal. I begin
To feel strange horrors here; my marble soul
Does strive to sweat itself into a tear
At thought of these sad accidents.

Enter GORDON, BUTLER, LESLIE, NEWMAN, TERTZKI, *and* KINTZKI.

Noble friends!
You 're opportunely welcome. I was oppress'd
With sudden melancholy, but your lov'd presence
Expels all thoughts of it, and I'm grown
As full of sprightly mirth, as when my hopes
Aim'd at a glorious victory.

Gor. Mighty duke!
According to my duty, I am come
Here, to present you with the keys of Egers,
My place of government, and with them my life,
To do you service.

Wal. Noble Gordon!
You do so much endear me by your love,
I have no possibility to requite
Your overflow of courtesies: have you not
Receiv'd new intelligence of business
Which does concern me?

Les. New temptations, sir,
Against your precious life: 'tis to be fear'd,
Lest, seeing we do slack so in performance
Of what we've promis'd, he'll employ new agents
To attempt your ruin; and should treason,
As 'tis a subtle serpent,—stings unseen, sir,—
Invade your life, to what a dire misfortune
Were we, whose lives hang upon your dependance,
Betray'd; and, therefore, good my lord, beware,
Lest your own courage, which contemns all dangers,

Do undo you.

Wal. Never fear.—How far
Is't hence to Egers?

Gor. Some three hours' easy march.

Wal. Set forward thither:
It were in vain my enemies' swords to fear,
When I do carry sharper poniards here. [*exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter the EMPEROR, *the* KING OF HUNGARY, *and* QUESTENBERG.

Emp. Vex'd with so many cares, so many mischiefs,
That do, like hydra's dreadful head, increase
By cutting off; as billows follow billows,
Succeed each other with that eager violence,
Our weary eagles know not where to perch,
But flag their sickly wings; wer't not irreligious,
I should capitulate with the powers divine,
And tax them of injustice: my whole reign
Has been a long and one continued trouble;
And if blest peace with her fair beams did e'er
Shine on our empire, 'twas but like a fair
Deceitful wind, courting the ships out of the harbour
Into the main to drown them; but the mother
Of a more horrid warfare, that I fear, as
I found the wreath imperial drown'd in blood,

So I in blood must leave it.

Quest. Have good hope, sir:
Tides then approach their full height, when their ebb
Has been at lowest; the most hideous tempests,
Which seem'd to threat the ruin of the world,
Being usher'd in by thunder and hot lightning,
Are soonest past; there's nothing violent
Can boast of perpetuity: our fortunes
Are not so desperate as our fears present them;
We've hands and hearts left yet, that dare oppose
The inhuman traitor; and our cause's justice
Assures us, if we cannot live victorious,
We shall die nobly.

Hun. Man, my royal father,
Is not himself when he beholds
Events through the quick perspective of fear,
Which shews him dangers at remotest distance
As clearest, and his most perspicuous objects.
Suppose this traitor, in his giant reach,
Fathom even heaven itself; yet, there are bolts
To strike him into earth for his ambition,
And make his memory and name, all, save his treason,
For ever to be forgotten.

Emp. That which most
Does drive my tortur'd soul into affrights
Is, that I see we're false among ourselves:
The faithless soldiers daily do, in troops,
Fly from our ensigns to the traitor's camp:
What cause have we then but t' expect sad ruin,
When those who should be our security

Do prove our greatest enemies? Our guard,
Our fear, and terror, they all look
On him, as superstitious Indians on the sun,
With adoration; on me, with contempt,
Or, but at best, with pity.
Quest. Mighty Cæsar!
To doubt an ill before it falls upon us,
'Mongst valiant and resolved souls, is counted
A point of cowardice: great spirits ever
Should be above their fates. Good sir, retreat
Into that fortress of your mind,
Your resolution; call it up to guard
Your soul from timorous thoughts.
Are you the man have sway'd
The Roman empire four and twenty years,
With that success against your foreign foes,
Your very name, more than your forces, vanquish'd,
To let a traitor fright you? Good my lord,
Let's draw forth new battalias to the field,
Awake the drum and trumpet, summon up
The very last hopes of our weaken'd strength,
'Gainst this insulting traitor; very infants
Will, on the sudden, grow up able men,
And fight in this brave quarrel.
Hun. Heaven itself
Will arm on our side, and, with certain vengeance,
Pursue the inhuman monster. Why, to die,
As that's the worst can happen, in this cause,
Were a religious martyrdom: I am your son, sir,
And what your fortunes are, good or disastrous,

Mine has on them dependence: by my hopes, I do
So little weigh the glorious traitor's pride,
I think him worthy scarce my meanest thought;
And rest assur'd, ere long, I shall behold
This fearful meteor, that would be a star,
And does affright us with his hideous blaze,
Like a vain comet, drop his fading rays.

Emp. Your comforts
Come as in droughts the elemental dew
Does on the earth,—it wets, but leaves no moisture
To give the sear'd plants growth. But yesternight
We'd certain information that our forces,
Led by Matthias Gallas, were o'erthrown
By Saxon Weimar, and his son, young Frederick;
Who, had they known as well how to pursue
As gain a victory, and made a sudden
Onslaught upon Vienna, theirs, not ours,
Had been the wreath imperial. Now, your news, sir.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Letters from Colonel Leslie, sir, from Egers.

Emp. This is our latest hope: he writes me word,
That the arch traitor, and his prime confederates,
Last night arriv'd at Egers; and assures me,
Of their immediate ruin. Well, Colossus,
You'd best stand firm, unshaken as a rock,
Whose feet the fierce waves, striving to trip up,
Do, 'gainst its hard hoofs, dash themselves to pieces,
Or thou wilt fall unpitied; fall, to be
The scorn of story, the contempt and by-word

To all posterity. Let's in, my lords.
This law the heavens inviolably keep,
Their justice well may slumber, but ne'er sleep. [*exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter WALLENSTEIN, TERTZKI, KINTZKI, ILLAWE, NEWMAN, LESLIE, BUTLER, *and* GORDON.

Les. The honour you have done us, mighty duke,
By this your gracious presence, gives a period
To our ambition: Egers is grown proud;
Dares with Vienna stand in competition,
Which is the capital city, which does hold
The true and lawful Cæsar.

Gor. Ferdinand,
Had he arriv'd here in his greatest glory,
Could not have been more welcome: while I am
Governor of this town, it, and my life,
Are at your service.

Wal. Noble gentlemen!
You do so load me with new courtesies,
I know not first for which to give you thanks;
And, did a sullen humour not possess
My much distemper'd faculties, my mirth
Should speak my gratitude; but, on the sudden,
I am so overburthen'd with sad thoughts,
I cannot suit my mind, so much oppress'd,
To jollity.

Les. 'Tis our general grief,

Aught should disturb your quiet here, when we
Were all compos'd of triumph, for the joy
We do conceive for your arrival. My noble lord of
Tertzki, these are the welcomes,
Full bowls of sprightly wine, that soldiers use
In entertainment:—to our general's health;
And to his good recovery from his melancholy.
Tert. Who shall refuse to pledge it, with that zeal
He would drink healthful potions, may it be
A deadly poison to him: Colonel Gordon.
New. May he die for drought, like a Westphalia pig
I' the dog-days; or be choak'd with eating toasted cheese.
Gor. My lord of Kintzki,
This to our general's health, and welcome hither.
New. I'm like to faint for thirst:
Would 'twould arrive at me once; my mouth
Even waters at it.
Kint. Noble Butler!
But. Marshall Illawe.
New. I shall be last, I see;
But, if the stoops hold out, 'tis ten to one
I'll have my share.
Ill. Here, Colonel Newman.
New. An 'twere the Tun of Heidleberg, I'd drink it
Off with as much ease as a leaguer can
In a grim sutler's house of thatch. My lord,
Under your gracious pardon, take me off
This lusty rouse to your own health, and after
Begin as much to each of ours; and, if
It do not make you as merry as a corporal

Upon pay-day, say I'm no Æsculapius,
But a mere mountebank in the effects
Of sprightly wine.
Wal. Kind gentlemen, my thanks
To all of you; and would my disposition
Afford me licence, I should not forget
The soldier's ceremony, to begin
Each of your happy wishes: howsoever,
I will trench so far on my melancholy,
To drink this cup:—to all your healths.
All. Your grace has shewn us
A too excessive courtesy.
Wal. I'll only
Repose a little; and, if I find
My sad distemper alter, I'll return,
And frolic in your company.
New. I smell him;
He has a plot upon us; he'll steal hence,
And shift a score or two of cups, and then
Set fresh upon us, make us all as drunk
As rats in the Canaries.
Les. We'll attend your grace.
Wal. By no means:
Let not my melancholy discompose
Your thought of frolic mirth:
There's Colonel Newman
Will, in my absence, take a cup or two
For me: mean time, be merry; 'tis my charge;
Remember to observe it. [*exit.*
Les. I'm sorry,

He should be thus distemper'd here. My lord,
Let not our general's sadness rob us of
Our late intended jollity: Colonel Newman,
You'd wont to be all air; I hope, you are not
Turn'd earth on the sudden.

New. No, 'faith: thank heaven, I feel no inclination
That savors of mortality. Gentlemen,
Shall's have a catch?

All. With all our hearts, good colonel.

New. A military madrigal; I learn'd it
Of a right imp of Mars, a red fac'd serjeant,
At Halberstadt.

Les. Will you begin?

New. Yes, verily; but, good colonel,
Let not your voice rebel, nor be exalted
Into a Caledonia tune: 'twill spoil
Our ditty. [*a catch.*

Les. My thanks! My lords, please you this cup
To th' happy nuptials 'twixt young Frederick
And the fair Emilia.

Gor. Egers will be honour'd
To have them celebrated here.

New. Do me right, good colonel:
You drink it as 'twere scar-beer.

Les. Captain Butler.

New. No whispering, good Colonel Leslie;
No whispering:
You know what follows; but drink off your cup
Like a right cavalier. This Nectar wine
Has a strange virtue in't; it elevates

Both flesh and spirit: a month's pay for a wench now.

Les. My lord, I am
So far from giving you a fit requital,
For your late courtesies, that, as satisfaction,
I must beg a new favour,—one cup more:
Let's all together drink a full carouse
Unto our general's health, and his revenge
Upon the emperor; you shall drink no more;
'T shall be your last cup, trust me.

New. I shall drink no more, mark that; pray, fill up mine
'Till it run o'er; I would be loth to have
My last cup faulty.

Les. To his revenge!

[*Enter four Soldiers, with pistols, as they are drinking; they shoot Tertzki, Kintzki, Illawe, and Newman, who fall.*

Tert. Traitor! inhospitable slave! [*dies.*

New. I'm something hot about the heart;—
A cup of your small wine to cool me: sure,
You grudg'd my liquor, and so broach'd me behind,
To let out what I had put in before. 'Pox of your pellets,
Say I: I care not for any other hurt they have done me,
But that they have spoil'd my drinking. [*dies.*

Les. So, this was well perform'd; drag in their bodies.
Now, countrymen, our task is half perform'd,
We have lopp'd off the main arms that did grow
Unto this lofty cedar; there remains
Nought but the trunk to cut from earth, and that
Shall, by our own hands, fall: these slaves shall not

Have so much honour done them, as to triumph
In our great general's slaughter. As great Julius
Fell by his much-lov'd Brutus, who, when justice,
And his dear mother's cause, the common-wealth,
Commanded him to strike, with one home blow
Finish'd brave Cæsar's life; so he, by us,
Shall surely perish. Friendship must not save
Him and his foul ambition from one grave. [*exeunt*

SCENE III.

Enter WALLENSTEIN.

Wal. Sure, I beheld them, or the air condens'd
Into their lively figures. In their shrouds,
Pale and as meagre as they had convers'd
A year with the inhabitants of the earth,
And drunk the dew of charnel houses, shew'd
Albertus and his lovely bride. They wav'd
Their ghastly hands to me, as if in that
Dumb language they'd invited me to come
And visit them in their cold urns. To die—
Why, 'tis man's nature, not his punishment:
With this condition we all enter life,
To put it off again; 'tis but a garment,
And cannot last for ever; both its fashion
And stuff will soon wear out: why then should death,
If I were now creeping into my marble,
To me be terrible, since 'tis main folly,
To fear that which we no way can avoid;
Nor is 't much matter how we die—by force,
Or naturally chequer'd with grisly wounds,

Or in our beds, since all's but the same death still:—
Oh! but to die surcharg'd with mortal sins,
Such as can kill our everlasting beings—
Our souls,—and send them hence to bathe in floods
Of living fire; there, that's the frightful mischief;
The other 's but a trifle: I, who never
Could fear the other, at the thought of this
Am one with death already; my vast crimes,
My horrid murders, kill that conscience in me,
Which makes me know my guilt; that conscience
Which, as my shadow, follows me.

Enter GORDON, LESLIE, *and* BUTLER.

Gor. Come softly,
And if my stroke miss, second me.
[*stabs Wallenstein in the back.*

Wal. Ha! 'twas no ghost; that was a mortal touch,
It came so home and heavily. Base traitor,
Whoe'er thou art, thou durst not see my face,
My looks would then have blasted thee.
Ha! Leslie, Gordon, Butler!

Les. Yes, traitor duke! 'twas we who cut thy soul
From thy weak twist of life; we who glory
More in performing this brave act of justice,
Than had we gain'd the empire thy ambition
Aspir'd to; thy base treacheries to Cæsar
Are by us reveng'd.

Gor. The counts,
Thy bold confederate rebels, by our hands
Sent to their ruin.

Wal. Thus, coward hares
Prey on a dying lion: for thee, Leslie,
Basely perfidious to me in thy faith,
Receive my last breath in a curse: you have
But play'd the hangmen to perform heaven's justice:
Forgive me, heaven, my past offence! I die,
Not for my ambition, but my cruelty. [*dies.*

Les. Let us convey the body in, and post
With all speed to Vienna, and give notice
To th' emp'ror of our proceedings. Thus ev'ry traitor shall,
'Stead of a crown, meet his own funeral.

THE END.

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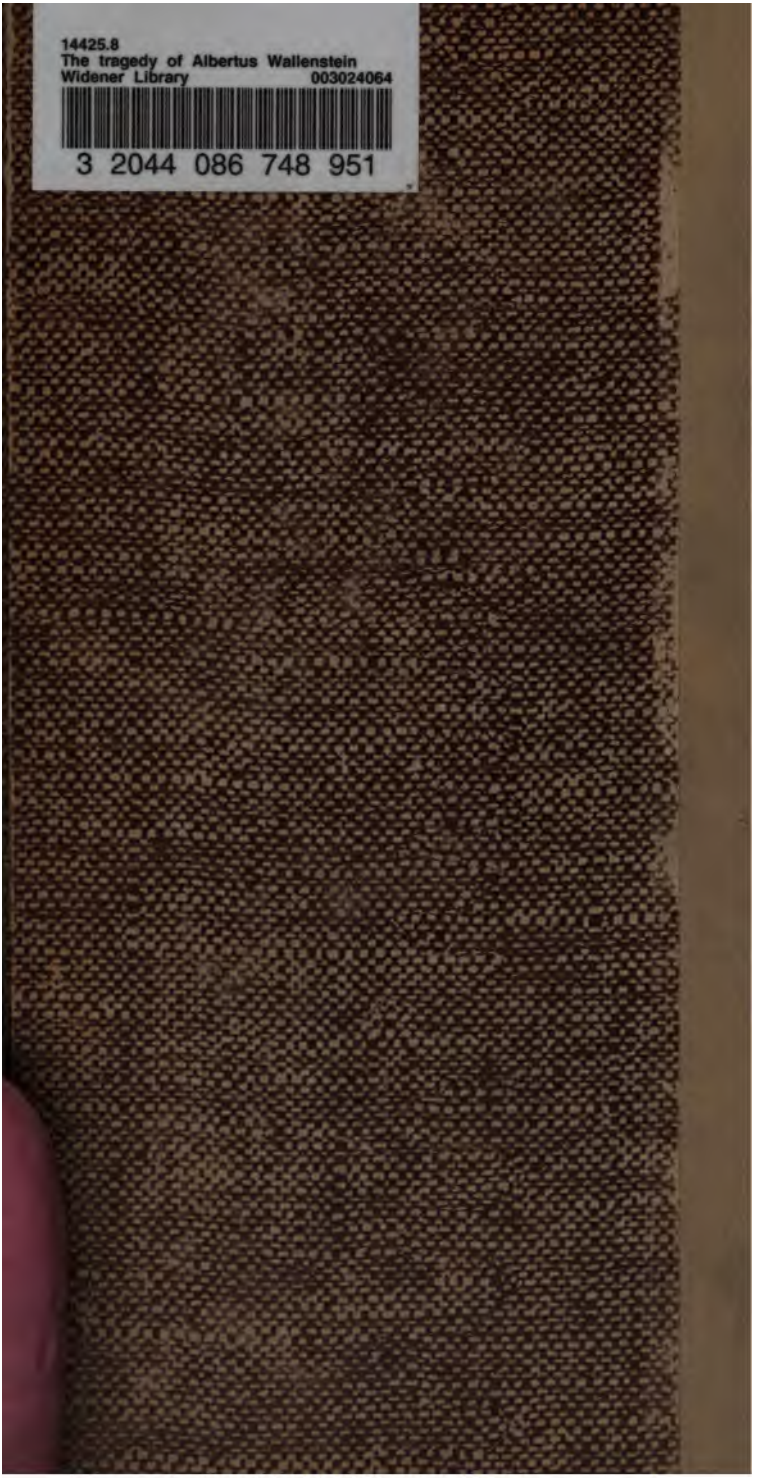
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